New York Tribune.

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements.

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"Deliberately Unfriendly."

The supreme merit of the latest note addressed by the American to the German Government is that it faces the facts as they are. It tells the truth that has always been unmistakable and it tells it in words that can neither provoke just resentment nor permit honest misapprehension.

The issue between the United States and Germany was plain from the outset. There never was the smallest chance that the United States would yield to the torpedo and the rapid fire gun the rights which are ours under international law or permit German necessities to destroy American liberties.

Precisely as long as there was the slightest chance that friendly representation and the ordinary words of diplomatic discussion could help to make clear to the German Government the mind and the whole mind of the American people President Wilson wisely and patiently employed these without the smallest intent to surrender that which was not his to surrender, but always with the hope that what all American citizens save a few of German extraction felt might at last become clear to the German Government.

All such hopes the last German note destroyed. In it was revealed an insolent and intolerable evasion of the real question at issue, an arrogant and insufferable proposal to curtail American rights at sea, and while in words asserting the principles of humanity and the doctrine of the freedom of the seas, it in fact claimed the right to pursue a programme of murder and a policy which made German permission the sole warrant for the exercise of American rights.

In that situation there was left to President Wilson but a single course. Since the German Government declined to heed the demand which was made in the voice of diplomacy and with an utter absence of that spirit of anger and passion which German acts warranted, it was necessary to make German statesmanship comprehend the consequences of further crimes against American citizens.

This Mr. Wilson has done. Not even a German Foreign Secretary reading the closing paragraph of the latest note can misunderstand its meaning, fail to comprehend what will be the consequences of another Lusitania massacre. The decision for the future belongs to Germany, but the consequences are no longer hidden.

The mistake which German diplomacy made in England last August, in Italy last spring, it has repeated in America. It has believed what it desired to believe and resolutely closed its ears to facts that were unmistakable. It has permitted the clamor of its subsidized agents and of a handful of misguided sympathizers to prevent it from grasping the mind and the determination of a united nation. Not by any other method of calculation is it possible to explain German action hitherto, and to such action President Wilson has at last made the inevitable answer, the only possible answer.

American citizens will hope that the bandage will now fall from German eyes. They will hope that German rulers will at last perceive that no nation can consent to the murder of its citizens, the invasion of its rights, the destruction of its liberties merely because of real or fancied advantage to Germany by such injuries.

But with equal clarity every American will perceive that whether German statesmen recognize the fact or not, it remains. To-day as yesterday the American people abhor the thought of war. Never in history has any people given evidence of a greater desire to avoid conflict with another nation. Unhappily, the choice has never been ours to make, since the Lusitania was sunk.

The words with which the President closes his admirable message will be in the hands of all American citizens to-day. In telling the German government that further invasion of American rights, new attacks upon American lives must be regarded as "deliberately unfriendly," he has closed a debate which could no longer be continued and he has conveyed a final and solemn warning that cannot be misunderstood. He has destroyed the whole edifice of German self-deception and at the same time demolished the feeble trap set to embroil the United States with Great Britain to serve German ends.

To-day the President's message will seem purely an American document. It will be considered simply in so far as it deals with an issue between our nation and Germany. But it has a wider meaning, a greater value. It is a declaration which in repudiating for the American people the idea that humanity can be disregarded, international law repealed to suit the necessities of a single nation, contributes to defend the whole structure of civilization.

Not for American lives alone, not for American rights merely, but for those of all neutrals, President Wilson has spoken. He has defended right against might. He has asserted that the American people utterly and forever repudiate the doctrine that there is a law higher than that of common humanity, and in asserting this he has solemnly but unmistakably given notice that on this ground the United States stands, whatever be the consequences.

The President's message is an admirable American document. It expresses in temper and in content the whole mind of his fellow citizens. Whatever be the consequences of the note itself, no question of partisan or personal difference will contribute to weaken the effect of a message which expresses the will of the whole American people.

State Constabularies Needed.

Governor Fielder got to the bottom of the disgraceful situation in Bayonne when he said yesterday at Trenton: "A state constabulary like Pennsylvania's would have prevented the trouble." That is the truth which for many years past The Tribune has been preaching into the unwilling ears of the Legislatures of New York and New Jersey. Bloodshed, destruction of property and contempt for law and order have all been encouraged by the failure of these two states to avail themselves of a simple, economical and absolutely effective means of suppressing riots—one which gets the lawless elements under control before they have had a chance to work themselves and their impressionable sympathizers into a bloodthirsty fury.

Situations like that at Bayonne must be nipped in the bud. It is a criminal error to allow striking workmen and hired armed guards—the private militia of the employers—to confront one another in an atmosphere charged with vindictiveness and hatred. The power of the state should step between to keep the peace, and the state has no adequate buffer so long as it depends upon sheriffs' deputies recruited in the neighborhood or on the state militia, which can be mobilized only at undue cost and after considerable delay.

What is wanted is a permanent state body, whose services in a commonwealth like New Jersey would be available anywhere on from two to three hours' notice. The members of the organized militia ought to be freed from strike duty. They enlist to fight for their country—to be soldiers, not policemen. They are right in objecting to being used as constabulary in labor disputes. That duty should be left to a state police specially trained to the work and able to inspire the fear and respect of all mischief makers.

Pennsylvania has such an establishment. Its state troopers are symbols of power and efficiency, and wherever they appear lawlessness runs to cover. New Jersey and New York should follow Pennsylvania's example. At Trenton last year, as at Albany, the indifference of the politicians killed constabulary measures. But the lesson of disgraceful exhibitions like that at Bayonne must carry home sooner or later. Governor Fielder realizes what New Jersey needs, and public opinion should back him next winter in demanding the creation of a New Jersey state constabulary.

Shall we have to wait for a Bayonne scandal within our own borders before the Legislature at Albany wakes up and acts?

Our Diplomatic Undesirables.

James M. Sullivan, who as United States Minister to the Dominican Republic basked too much in the sunlight of publicity for his own safety, has become an ex-diplomat by request. He should never have been suspected of being able to pass muster as diplomatic raw material. He was as much of a misfit in that calling as was his distinguished chief, the head of the State Department, now also a glory that was in the world of diplomacy.

Mr. Bryan wrote of Mr. Sullivan in that immortal letter in which he put on record his purpose to fill up the Dominican customs service (temporarily under American supervision) with "deserving Democrats": "You will find Sullivan a strong, courageous, reliable fellow. The more I see of him the better I am satisfied that he will fit into the place there and do what is necessary to be done." That judgment represented a high water mark of achievement in the diplomatic careers of both Mr. Bryan and Mr. Sullivan.

A Democratic Senator, Mr. Phelan, has reported to the President that Mr. Sullivan, whose fame as a lawyer in this community rests chiefly on the fact that he was once counsel for "Bald Jack" Rose, the Becker case witness, didn't "fit into the place" in Santo Domingo and ought to be pried out of it. So notice was served on him that he would have to resign.

This tardy and partial reparation for the outrages inflicted on the diplomatic service in the first year of the Wilson administration is a welcome sign of a rehabilitation of standards—of an acuter sensitiveness to the qualifications which the diplomatic career demands. Mr. Sullivan was one of the most undesirable of the "deserving Democrats" turned loose on missions to friendly states. There are many others still in office who are as congenitally unfitted for such service as he was. Until these are gotten rid of our diplomatic corps must suffer in prestige and efficiency. President Wilson assented to the Bryan looting process and must bear a large part of the blame for its ravages. But now that he has parted company with Mr. Bryan the advisability of completely de-Sullivanizing the corps may possibly appeal to him as an act of piety which he owes to the country as well as to himself.

William M. Ivins.

This town has never had a more useful, alert, interested and interesting citizen than William M. Ivins. To the business of the town, 'way back in the dim ages when there was only the old city and Grace was its Mayor, he gave faithful, intelligent, effective service. Almost a generation later he was a vigorous, picturesque candidate for the office of Mayor, which he had actually, if not nominally, filled in the early eighties.

In politics Mr. Ivins was a familiar figure. In political and politico-legal battles, public investigations, citizens' committee activities, Mr. Ivins was always a worker, usually effective, always entertaining, never without a contribution. Ten years ago he became "Uncle Billy" Ivins to a political generation which he had delighted and in which he took delight. The affectionate title clung to him and gave him something of the small town eminence in a metropolis.

Outside of politics, beyond the practice of the law, Mr. Ivins was equally industrious, equally informed. He knew South America as perhaps no living American knows it, and he discovered Amazonian tributaries while Colonel Roosevelt was still in obscurity. European affairs were ever a challenge to his interest, a subject for study, one more department of human activity in which his mind travelled and on which he spoke with charm, authority and enthusiasm.

Mr. Ivins belonged not to one party, one profession, or one generation. He was beyond all else a New Yorker, claimed by all parties, by several professions, and a figure of more than usual appeal to two generations. His public service was of the sort that makes his death a material loss to the community. His personality was such that his removal will seem a distinct personal loss, not merely to the many who knew and honored him at close hand, but to the many more to whom he was "Uncle Billy," a term in which familiarity only spoke the affection, the liking of many for a man who never failed to delight and always commanded respectful attention.

The First Anniversary.

On July 23 of last year Austria dispatched her ultimatum to Serbia. That ultimatum was designed to be the prelude to a brief "punitive expedition" against Serbia.

One year later what is the situation? An area larger than Serbia wholly within Hapsburg frontiers has been completely devastated. The number of Hapsburg subjects killed, wounded and captured exceeds the male population of Serbia before the war. Austrian territory is still occupied by Russian troops and Italian soldiers are pushing well into Austrian dominions.

By contrast, there is not a hostile soldier in Serbian territory. The two great conflicts between Hapsburg and Serb troops have ended in complete Slav victories, in dismal Austrian routs. To-day Serbia is still intact. She has paid a great price for her liberty, but she still possesses it.

On the first anniversary of the magnificent Austrian gesture directed at Serbia—is it conceivable that there remains a subject of Francis Joseph who believes it paid? Who believes that any success now achieved can balance the cost to Austria in life and in treasure of her step taken just a year ago?

"Johnson Colonel's choice" sounds like a bet before the prizefight at Havana. Which prompts the query, What in the world has become of the former champion? Has he so completely vanished into the shadow behind the limelight that not even the "golden smile" catches a flicker of the old gleam? Must our thoughts hereafter always turn to Hiram and not Jack when the illustrious name is mentioned?

The German newspapers, we are told, are opposing "further concessions" to America. How vain, then, seems our request for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness!

And why shouldn't an American become Poland's Queen? Any number of Poland's queens become Americans.

Big Guns of a Century Ago.

(From The Dundee Advertiser.)

It would scarcely appear feasible that a shot weighing 800 pounds could have been employed a century ago, yet the Turks, who used the largest cannon in Europe, actually used guns of such calibre at that time. When Sir J. Duckworth passed the Dardanelles to attack Constantinople in 1807 his fleet was dreadfully shattered by the immense shot thrown from the batteries. The Royal George, of 110 guns, was nearly sunk by only one shot, while another cut the mainmast of the Windsor Castle almost in two; a single shot knocked two ports of the Thunderer into one; the Repulse (74 guns) had her wheel shot away and twenty-four men killed and wounded by a shot, the ship being saved only by the most wonderful exertions. The heaviest shot which struck our ships was of granite, weighing 800 pounds, and was 26 inches in diameter. One such shot, to the astonishment of the tars, stove in the whole starboard bow of the Active, and, having crushed this immense mass of timber, the shot rolled ponderously aft, the crew standing aghast at this singular spectacle. One of these guns was cast in brass. It was composed of two parts, its breach resting against massive stonework, and the difficulty of charging such a monster would not allow of its being fired more than once.

TRIBUNES AT THE FRONT.

The Sensation They Made in a German Trench.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I am sending you here inclosed a letter just received from the front somewhere in France.

My friend, J. B. Claverie, has been eight years in this country, where he was studying medicine when the war broke out. You will read where some Tribune cartoons ended and with what result. HENRY FUSAY.

New York, July 14, 1915.

June 24, 1915.

My Dear Friend: Can you guess what it means to spend twelve days and twelve nights (most of which are nuits blanches) in first line, with very little, if anything, to smoke? I don't think you can. So I will not attempt to tell you how I felt when I received your four boxes of Oxfords. To be sure, many of my friends were in the same plight I was, and as selfishness is unknown in the ranks, especially in war times, they, too, had a glorious smoke on you. Many of them had never tasted American cigarettes, but I can assure you they found a real delight in puffing them. We usually have plenty of tobacco and of everything else, and if this is the worst war men have ever seen, it is perfectly true that soldiers were never better taken care of. The fact that we ran short of tobacco was due to an unlooked for alerte which woke us up in the middle of the night while we were au repos. In less time than it takes to say it we were going to an unknown destination (talk about thrills—that's where you get them—and as strange as it may sound to an outsider, we do love them); if you recall what has been going on for the last few weeks I think you can safely guess where we were bound for—'nough said. All the piou-pious that had a whack at them want to join me in thanking you. My friends in New York and elsewhere have sent me about a dozen boxes of 100 Rameses, too, but I never received them except one. Isn't it a shame? I've written to the Régie, but so far haven't had any satisfaction. I can't understand how yours got through.

Reading over your letter makes me think how fortunate you are. Not that I regret having come (for I would never dare show myself to any one had I stayed), but simply because this is no life. I sometimes think how foolish men are to have to resort to these mad orgies of wholesale murder and pillage in order to settle their differences. Talk about progress and civilization! Why, we might as well destroy the hypocrisy of it, since it cannot save us from these calamities which already involve millions of homes. Why not set back the clock a few centuries and revert to the simple habits of the cave man? This may sound like strange talk to you—no doubt it will. But what do you think happens to the gray matter when thousands, hundreds of thousands, of shells are hurled above one's head? I am sure I don't, although I do know something does happen. And what about the untold misery brought on by such monstrous bombardments? No one is better able to know it than I. Sometimes I get so damn mad to see in what savage way the G. conduct the war that I wish to turn in my brassard and get back my rifle. I've tried it twice now, but the major wouldn't let me.

Fortunately this trench warfare shan't last forever, and I do earnestly hope that we shall soon be able to measure ourselves in the open with ces messieurs and have it out like white men should. Of course they are not friends of the assault à la baionnette. I don't blame them, either, for, although they can run pretty fast (I've seen them), they can't get away from our grognards.

Some three weeks ago I threw a bunch of American papers into their trench and waited for results. I wish you could have heard them groan and shoot and swear; they were nothing short of raving mad. Evidently some one among them could read English; anyway, The Tribune cartoons were eloquent enough, especially the one you sent; also the one representing Count von Bernstorff addressing his country's sympathies to the American public over the Lusitania dead—entitle, "The Crowning Insult." Have you seen it? It must have struck them harder than any shell ever did—at least judging from results. . . .

J. B. CLAVERIE.

True to Our Ideal.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: There are many who think our stand in the Lusitania affair unjustified, and in the hope that my view may move those people to uphold the President I submit the following for publication:

The entire case is nothing but the old question of freedom of the seas. Now, freedom of the seas has, from the beginning of our national existence, been the subject of much controversy between ourselves and other peoples. The War of 1812 was fought in order that an unmolested passage of the Atlantic might be secured. Numerous treaties have been signed to insure safety on many other waters. And so, through the efforts of warrior and statesman, we claim that Americans are, that they should be, free to travel on any ship, over any water, at any time.

But in August of last year came the outbreak of the mighty conflict now ripping apart the vitals of Europe, and with it the launching of new and terrible methods of warfare by the wonderful Germans. England then succeeded in spreading a legitimate blockading net around Germany, and Germany, angered that her supplies should be thus cut off, retaliated with submarine attacks on commercial shipping, with the result that vessels, some of them American, have been damaged; vessels, a couple of them American, have been sunk; and non-combatants, many of them American, have been murdered.

Freedom of the seas! Did our soldiers and our diplomats wage their mighty battles expecting that some day, when but their memories lived, their labors would prove of no avail? No! They expected that the lives of their posterity and the property of their posterity would be forever after safe. We are their posterity, and by their noble sacrifices all that is ours should be safe; but before us looms a nation which knows not, or forgets, that we rejoice in our well earned victories, and that nation is destroying that which is ours.

When the Lusitania outrage culminated the vicious deeds of the Teutons, then it was that President Wilson had to determine whether we would be true to traditional Americanism or whether we should cowardly submit to the unlawful actions of a desperate nation. We should be thankful that he stood, and is standing, for our ideals. Had he not vigorously protested to Germany we would have been virtually admitting that the work of those departed heroes was unnecessary and, moreover, foolish. FRANK SINCLAIR.

Brooklyn, July 19, 1915.

In Case of Invasion.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: For practically a year the most tremendous war of all time has been ravaging Europe. From its start the question has been raised as to our own preparedness in case of invasion. Will you please tell me through your columns what, if anything, has been done in the United States in the last year toward putting our defensive forces in a condition to effectively withstand a hostile invasion? NELSON GREENE.

New York, July 17, 1915.

THE LAST WORD.

FRANCIS JOSEPH'S BIRTHDAY

Notice of the Celebration with Some Comment.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Among the rulers and Presidents who have been in the limelight during this great European war there is one man whose life has been a long struggle, a life filled with hardship. He favored peace more than anything else, was forced by the rule of faith to consent to warfare so that his nation may in the future be safe from the intrigues of some unscrupulous statesmen of another country.

That man is Francis Joseph I of Austria. Eighty-five years have passed since the birth of the Emperor. For sixty-seven years he has piloted his nation through hard times.

His nation, or, better, his nations, which had been brought into a wretched state by interior troubles, were on the verge of collapse. The work of centuries was in danger of breaking down, breaking down like the empires of olden days. Francis Joseph, at that time a young and fiery man, subjugated the troublesome elements by sheer force. After getting the best of the revolutionists his statesmen again wanted to place a tyrannic rule over the Austrian dominions, but then his righteous mind rebelled, and then Francis Joseph, a man who may be classed among the greatest rulers of history, granted his people a constitution, introduced democracy and personal liberty.

He then changed Austria-Hungary. These countries till then had lived by the spoils of war, but by his work they took to peaceful methods, and under his reign they worked themselves to the place of a world power and earned a place in the sun.

In the sixty-seven years of his reign his people learned to understand and love him. Yes, I emphasize, to love him. They have proved their love of him in this great conflict. Their infinite love and respect for him made all the nations of Austria-Hungary, though they differ in ideals, language and traditions, stand together and battle for their fatherland and for their Emperor. Even hostile countries honor the aged Emperor who successfully rules over twenty nations.

In August he will be eighty-five years old. He witnessed the Austrian triumphs over Italy in 1848 and 1866; he witnessed the victories of 1864 and 1878. He wept with his people when losing in 1859 and when beaten by Prussia in 1866. His people wept with him when degraded fanatics robbed him of those who were dear to him, and to-day he bears, with his devoted people, the pains of the great conflict, having confidence in the victory of his soldiers.

To honor him Americans of Austrian and Hungarian descent will hold a celebration in Terrace Garden on August 18. At the end of his eighty-fifth God-given year Americans whose fathers and forefathers were Austrians and Hungarians will pay honor to him. Not the honor paid to a sovereign, but the honor paid to a great man, and all those who think well of the Emperor Francis Joseph may show it on August 18 at the celebration in Terrace Garden.

FRITZ ROSENTHAL.

New York, July 17, 1915.

Her Preference.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I work for my living and yet flatter myself that I do not belong to the "short-skirted, limb-showing, painted, powdered, peacock-acting, peanut-brained apologies for real women who strut flippantly to business." Rather, I feel that I can speak for all working women in saying that we are of a class of earnest, sincere and diligent workers who are doing our best to meet our landlady's bill, pay our small dues and clothe ourselves decently. The ultra-fashionable garb of the rich is not for us; we could not afford to wear it if we would. Go to any suburban town or seaside resort, and you will find more of the short-skirted and limb-showing species than behind the counter or at the typewriter.

Perhaps Mr. Thurston takes exception to women because we can and do fill the place he wants; perhaps Mr. Thurston has been turned away from many offices because we women have earned there a reputation for good and honest work and our employer does not wish to change.

Now, as to a man giving me his seat in a car, I do not wish or expect it. He has worked as hard as I have all day, and if he gets there first he is welcome to it. Of course, there are a few gentlemen who realize that perhaps we might be more tired than they are, as we are women and are subject to ills that are more nerve raking than any they may have to endure. I have seen many times a man who is, I am sure, a "Thurston" type, rise and offer his seat to a strange "home girl," whose radiant loveliness has attracted him, while a white and faint little office girl hangs wearily to a strap. I need not write the reason. You men know what it is well enough.

No woman enters the business world unless she must, and many are the tears shed and the heartaches caused by the first attempts to land a job. But one must eat to live, and rather than become parasites or prostitutes we enter a life of business to keep our self-respect and reputation. It is your fault if we are "coarsened and become brazen," because you "use language in our presence that you would not use at home."

As to the "glorious place God intended her to occupy, namely, the home," we would be only too willing to have one. But I feel like all my sisters that the chance and risk of drawing a "Thurston" for life is too great—a thing to run into blindfolded. If every man is, as Mr. Thurston asserts, a Jekyll-Hyde type, of two different natures, one for the office and one for the home, I prefer my liberty, self-respect and $10 a week. M. G. S.

New York, July 19, 1915.

Many Refined Workers.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Mr. Thurston takes only a narrow and one-sided view of the question. There may be, as he says, some "painted, powdered, peacock-acting, peanut-brained apologies for real women" in business offices, but if Mr. Thurston will be fair he will also realize that there are some gum-chewing, flashily dressed young men in business who are not endowed with much more brains, if as much, as many of the women.

If Mr. Thurston will go into a high class business office he is not apt to find the gum-chewing variety of stenographer. I have worked for several years now, from necessity and not from choice (for no real woman would choose a business office if she could afford to remain in her home sphere), and I would not be willing to lower the tone of a refined office by chewing gum and dressing flashily, and I am sure that no real business man or woman would.

I am from a Southern town where there is not much wealth, and almost all of the best class of aristocratic girls have worked since they were old enough to attain a business education, and not one of them is of the gum-chewing variety, not one of them has lost the gentleness of manner that belongs to all true womanhood. S. S.

New York, July 19, 1915.

A Non-Resistant's Query.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: As one who has intended all along to vote in favor of the suffrage amendment this fall, I must confess that my loyalty to the suffrage movement has received a rude shock in reading the cable dispatches, which state that Mrs. Pankhurst says the women will make munitions of war, if that becomes necessary in the present horror that is now ravaging Europe. As one who believes in peace at any cost, what hope have I that the women, to whom I look for better things, will improve matters should they get the suffrage? I would like to have some of the ardent women fighters answer my query.

TIMOTHY M'CARTHY.

New York, July 19, 1915.

A German Interpretation.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your editorial of to-day gives us much satisfaction, being prima facie evidence that events as they are transpiring on land and sea are convincing you and English sympathizers in general that you "bet on the wrong horse."

English inefficiency and ignorance are at last opening your eyes and you see the handwriting on the wall.

We hope yet to see your paper regain some of its balance that you threw away in your mistaken sympathies.

GROUP GERMAN-AMERICANS.

New York, July 20, 1915.

"WHY GERMANY SHOULD WIN."

An Answer to the Reasoning of Mr. Mandel.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have been afforded much amusement by reading Mr. Mandel's letter.

He says: "It is irritating and amusing to see the prejudiced letters that eminent and 'neutral' Americans write." Then it must be most embarrassing to Mr. Mandel to realize that he, too, has joined their number.

"I know," says he, "the Germanic allies are not perfect, that they do not corner all the virtues, but I believe that of all the belligerents they represent the highest good for society." Namely, yielding to the selfish desire of conquest, utter disregard of sacred treaties and indifference toward neutral nations almost bordering upon insolence. These elements doubtless are good for society, but does Mr. Mandel not mean German society?

His kindly, patronizing enumeration of a few of England's gifts to the world is quite charming. He even brings out in enumerating France's gifts love of liberty, equality and fraternity. The very reasons why France is in the war! His description of the Russian type is excellent as regards a poet standpoint, even if not true to life.

"England and France," says he, "represent the musty, bygone past." Surely, Mr. Mandel is forgetful of the fact that England leads the trade world, is the largest world empire and has the greatest merchant marine. Is Mr. Mandel blind to the fact that France is daily giving civilization such gifts as radium and new cures for formerly incurable diseases? Why, France has been responsible for the pushing back of the German line! Then the splendid, skilled troops of modern Germany have been repulsed by soldiers of a "musty and bygone nation"! "Musty" England's fleet seems to have battled up Germany's dreadnoughts! Why does not Germany smash the legions of Russia, since one is a twentieth century nation and the other a "nation not of to-day, but of to-morrow"? Perhaps, Mr. Mandel will claim it to be a part of the German strategy.

"It is a sin," says he, "for England and France to go in the war." I claim it would be a sin if England stood silently by while Germany violated sacred treaties which England had also signed, and solemnly promised (and, unlike the Teuton, would have kept sacred!) to observe. It would have been a sin had not England stood up, as she always has, for justice and against the oppression of the weak. Was France to sit mutely by, with mouth agape while Germany was mobilizing at her very doors?

He speaks of England's trouble to get soldiers and of the facility that Germany has had. But the system of England has always been voluntary, while that of Germany has been compulsory. Britons have volunteered, Teutons have been forced! Furthermore, England has specialized in the naval side, Germany in the side of the army, and we must admit that the English seem to have done the greater work.

He proudly asserts that Germany has been subject to no such scandals as the Churchill and Caillaux scandals. Surely he cannot hope that we are all ignorant of the famous "Daily Telegraph" interview. Or perhaps he himself is ignorant. The only difference between the two nations lies in the fact of the Kaiser's powerful censorship of the press.

Why go on? I do not hope to convince Mr. Mandel, because that might be verging upon the impossible. I shall feel more than satisfied if I shall have expressed the opinion of those who endeavor to base their judgment upon fact rather than be carried away by fine words and sentiment. Veritas semper!

Brooklyn, July 16, 1915. FAIR PLAY.

Time for Action.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your editorial in to-day's issue of The Tribune has exactly the right ring to it—the ring of true American metal.

President Wilson and the entire American people have made a noble fight against hopeless odds to retain friendly relations with Germany, but that time has passed, and the time for action has arrived; if there is a man in the United States who is too proud to fight when it is time to fight he has no place in American history. AMERICAN.

New York, July 20, 1915.